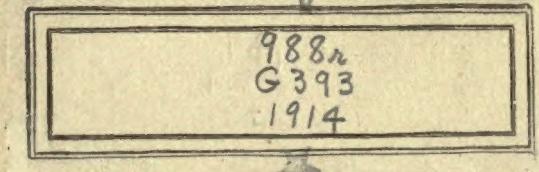
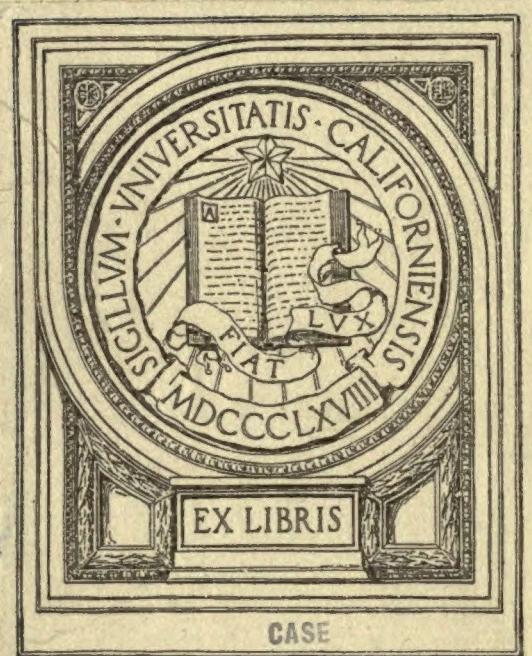


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Robin Hood

Date of earliest known original edition . . . c. 1561-9

[B.M. c. 21, c. 63]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

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A gest of Robyn Hode

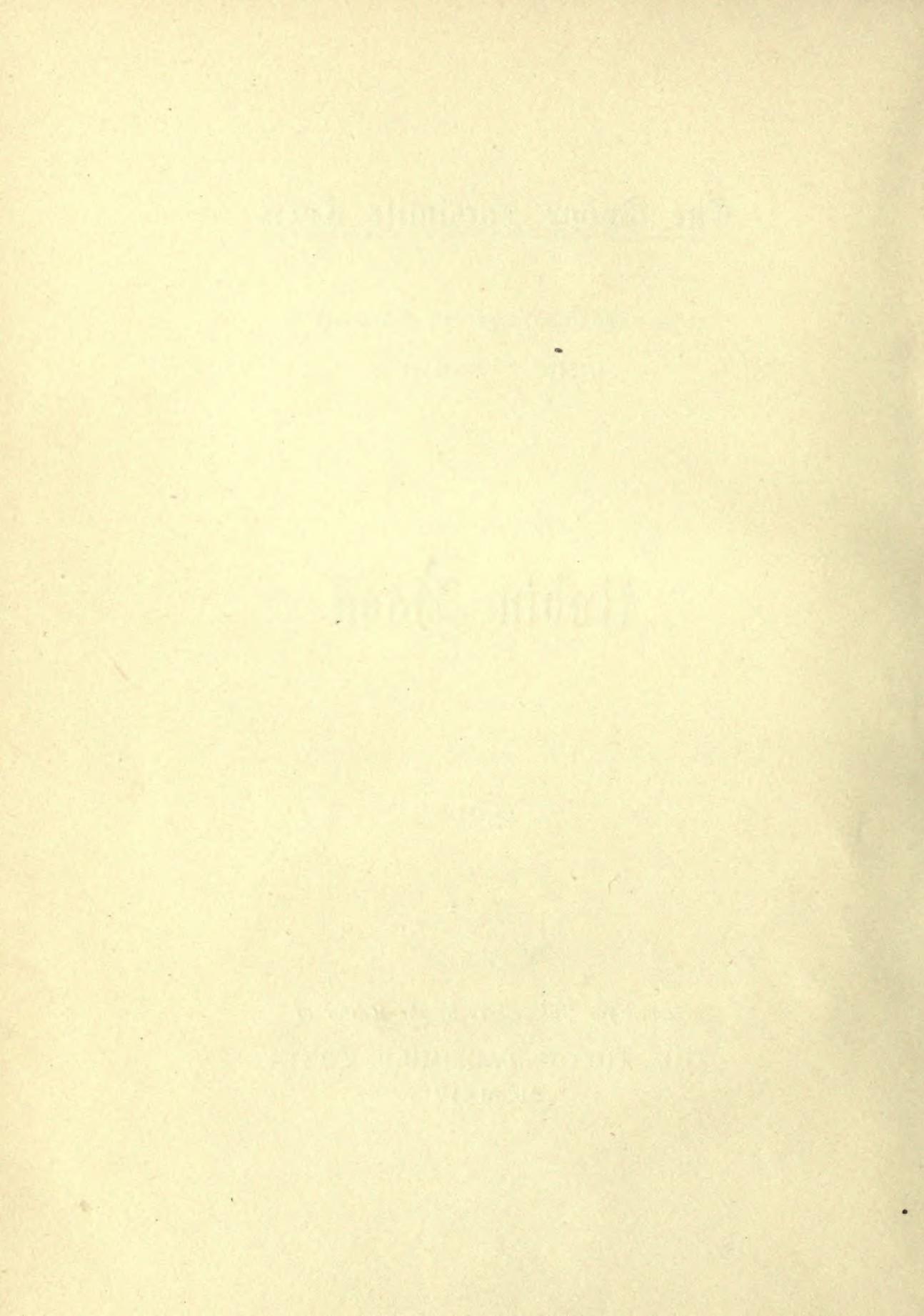
Robin Hood

C. 1561—9



Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXIV



Robin Hood

C. 1561-9

This play, from apparently a unique original in the British Museum, is preceded by "A mery geste." The full title is, "A mery geste of Robyn Hoode and of hys lyfe, wyth a newe playe for to be played in Maye games, very plesaunte and full of pastyme."

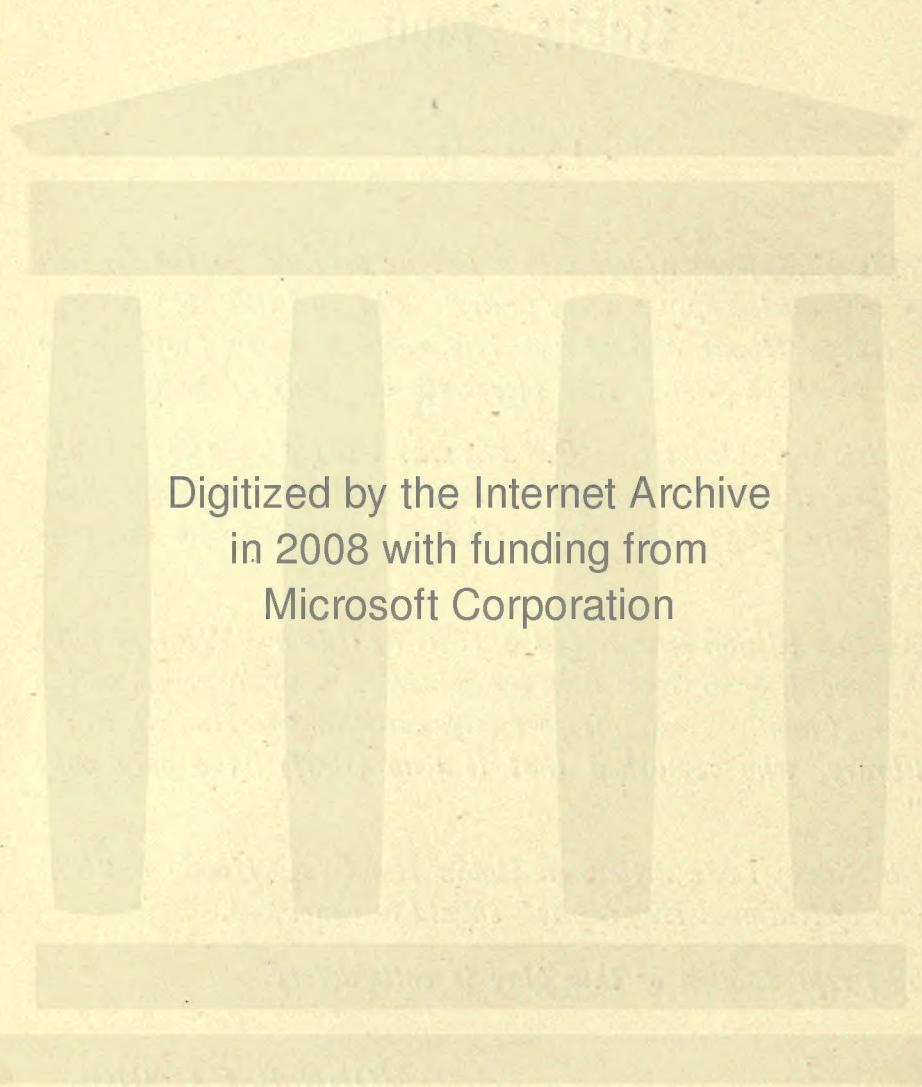
William Copland (see D.N.B.) was located in 1561 "in the Vyntre upon the Three Craned Warfe," and died between July 1568 and July 1569: these times thus approximately fix the date of issue.

Another edition was issued c. 1610 by Edward White, a copy of which, according to Greg, is in the Bodleian, who, however, makes no mention of another example formerly, according to Hazlitt, in the Huth library, who remarked that it was (1867) "the only copy known."

Sir Sidney Lee's article on Robin Hood (see Hood) in "The Dictionary of National Biography" should be consulted.

The reproduction of this play is satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.



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A mery geste of

Robyn Hood and of hys lyfe, wryth
anewe playe sor to be played
in Maye games very ple-
saunte and full of pastyme.



There beginneth a lytell geſt
of Robyn hode and his merry
men, and of the proude
Shryfe of No.
tynham.

Re the and lytengentyl men
That be of freborne blode
I shall you tel of a good yeman
Hys name was Robyn hode
Robyn was a proude outlawe
Whyles he walked on grounde
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one
Was never none yfounde
Robyn stode In Berndale
And lewed hpon a tree
And by him lytle John
A good yeman was hee
and also dyd good Scathelocke
and muche the mylner sonne
There was no enche of hys body
But it was worthe a grome
Than bespake hym lytel John
all unto Robyn hode
Mayster if ye wold dene betyme
it wold do you muche good
Than bespake good Robyn
To dñe I haue no lust
Cyll I haue some bolde baron
Or some vnketh gest
That may paſſe for the best
Or some knyght, or some squyer
That dwelleth here by west

a good

A good man erthen had Robyn
In lande where that he were
Every daye or he wold dyne
The mases woulde he here
The one, in the tow'ryp of the fether
The other of the holy ghooste
The thyde was of our dere ladye
That he loued of all other molle
Robyn loued our dere lady
For doubte of dedly synne
Woulde he never do company harme
That any woman was in
Maister then layde lytell John
And we oure borde shall sprede
tell vs whiche we shall gone
And what irke we shall lede
Wher we shall take wher we shall leue
Wher we shall abyde behynde
Wher we shall robb, wher we shall reue
Wher we shall beate and bynde
Cherof no force layde Robyn
We shall do wellynough
But loke ye do no husbande man harme
that tylleth with the plough
No more ye shall no good yeman
that walketh by grene wood shawe
Ne no knyght ne no squyer
That woulde be a good felowe
these bryshoppes and these archebyschoppes
ye hal them beate and bynde
the hre shryke of Notyngham
Hym holde in your mynde

1317A

A.16.

Chrys

Thys word shal beholde sayd lytle John.
And this lesson shal we lese
It is farre dayes god sende vs a gest
That we weare at our dynere
Take thy good bowe in thy hande said Robyn
Let muche wende wyth the
And so shall wyllyam Scathelocke
and no man abyde wyth me
Nowe walke ye vp unto the Sayle
and so to Watlyngstrete
and wayte after some unketh gest
By chancisome may ve mete
Be he Learle or any Baron
abbot or any knyght
Byng hym then to lode to me
Hys dyner shalbe dryght
They went anone unto the Sasleg
these yemen all thre
They loked East they loked west
they myght no man see
but as they loked in bernisdale
By ademe state
then came ther a knyght ryding
full soone they gan hym mete
all droussi than was his semblaunt
and lytle was hys prude
Hys one boote in the syrope stode
That other waerd belyde
Hys hode haged ouer hys eyes two
He rode i symple aray
a sorver man than he was one
Wode never on sommers day

Lytell

Letell John was curteysē
and set hym on his knee
welcome be ye gentyl knyght
welcome are you to me
welcome be thou to greene wood
Hende knyght and free
My master hath abyden fasslyng
syrl all these houres threē
who is your master sayd the knyght
John Savde Robyn hode
He is a good peomān sayd the knyght
Of hym haue I hardē muche good
I graunt the he lard with you to wynde
My brethē en all threē
My purpose was to haue dyked to day
at Blythe or Dancastren
For thē wentt that gentyll knyght
with a carefull chere
the teares out of his eyē ranne
And sell downe be his leere
They brought hym vnto the lodege doore
Whan Robyn gan hym see
Full courteysē ded of his hoodē
and set hym downe on his knee
welcome syr knyght than sayd robyn
welcome thou art to me
I haue abyden fasslyng syr
all these houres threē
Than answered the gentyll knyght
with wordes savre and free
God the lave good Robyn
and al thy lave menye

they wasched to gether and wryped bothe
And set to them dynere
Bread and wyne they had ynough
and nombles of the dere
Swannes and fesauntes they had ful good
and soules of the ryuer
There sayleth neuer so lytle abynde
that euer was spred on brede
Do gladly syr knyngt sayd Robyn
Cramercy syr sayd he
suche a dwiter had I not
Of all these wekes therer
ys I come agayne Robyn
Here be this countre
as goodra brice I shall the make
as thou hast made to me
I thanke the knynghe then said Robyn
My dynet when I haue
By god I was neuer so gredy
My dynet for to crawe
But pay or ne wende sayde Robyn
Me thynketh it is good eyghte
it was neuer the maner by worthy god
a yeman to paye for a knyght
I haue noughe pemp cosers sayd the knyghte
That I may profer for shame
Lyttel John go loke sayd Robyn hooode
Ne let not for no blame
Tel me truthe sayd robyn
So god haue parte of thee
I haue more but x. s. sayde the knyght
So god haue parte of mee

if thou

If thou haue no more sayd Robyn
I wyll not one peny
And if thou haue nede of any more
Moore I shall lende the
So nowe forth lyile John
The truthe tell thou me.
if there be no more but ten shyllinges
Not any penny that I le
Lytell John sp̄ed downe his mantell
Full faire vpon the groune
and ther he founde in the knyghtes cofer
But even halfe a pouarde
Lytell John let it ly full stell
and went to his master full lowe
Inhat p̄dynges John sayd Robyn
Syr the knyghe is true
Fyl of the best wyne sayd Robyn
The knyght shall begynne
Much wonder thynketh me
Thy clothyng is so thynne
Tell me oure worde sayde Robyn
and consayll shall st be
I trowe thou were made knyght of force
O: els of yemore
Or yis els thou haile by a soray husbande
and lyued in stroke and stryke
an of erer or els a lechour sayde Robyn
With wres hast thou ledde thy lyfe
I am none of them sayd the knyght
By god that mad me
an hundre dnytter here before
Myne auisellers knyghtes haue be

Buc

But ofte it hath besall Robyn
A man hat he disgrate
But god that lyteth in heauen above
May amende his state
Within twoo or thre eyers. Robyn he sayde
Foure hundreth pound of good money
Full well then myght I spende
Now haue I no good layd y knight.
But my chylde ren and my wyfe
God hath shopen stiche an ende
Tyll god it amende
In what maner saede Robyn
Hast thou lost thy ryches
For my great folly he sayde
and for my hyndenes
I had a sonne forsothe Robyn
that shold haue bene my heire
when he was twentye wintres old
In kynde wouldest full fayre
He slewe a knyght of Lancastryre
and asquyer boide
For to sauve him in his ryghe
My goodes both set and solde
My landes beset to wedd Robyn
Untyll a lattayn day
to a ryche abbot here helyde
Of slayne Mary abbay
What is the some sayd robyn
Truth then tell thou me
Syr he sayd foure hundreth pound
the abbot tolde it to me.

Now

From me thou loſeſt my ſir leþde Robyn ſir
What shall fall of thee? ſir
Hally I wyl me buske ſayd the knyghte ſir
Duer the ſalte ſea ſir
And ſe where Chyl was quiche and drede ſir
On the mount of Caluere ſir
Farewell frenches þaſte good day ſir
It ma no better bee in myn lande ſir
Teares fell oure oþys eyes twoo ſir
He would haue egone his waye ſir
Farewell frenches þaſte good day ſir
I haue no more to ſayd to you ſir
Nowhere by thy ſervices ſayd Robyn ſir
þyr neuer one wyll knowe me ſir
In whyles I was eſt the know at whom ſir
Great boſte that would they blotte ſir
and now they canne awayſea me ſir
as beaſtes on abbes ſir
They take and more heede of me ſir
Than they neuer me ſawre ſir
For rute than west ryter John ſir
Scathelocke and Shuche alio ſir
Fyll of the bell wyme ſayd Robyn ſir
For here is a ſimple chee ſir
Hast thou any frenches ſayd Robyn ſir
þdy borowes that wyll be ſir
I haue none ſayd the knyghte ſir
But god that dyed on a tree ſir
Do away thy ſapes ſayd Robyn ſir
þerof wyll I ryght none ſir
Welle thou I haue god to borowes ſir
Peter Paule or John ſir

Bo.

Nay

playd by him that made me. And I am a knave
And shope both sunne and moone. Hesil inde
Fynd a better doore we sayd. Bobin le yvain
Or mony gettest ethen newe. And I am a knave
I haue none other sayd the knyght. And I am a knave
The sorthe sor to sayd. And I am a knave
But it be our deare Ladie no dñe ihm selfe
She farleth me never or this dayd on am i
By verte worthy god sayd Robyn hood
To soleche all England thow be rad a knave
yet found I never to my pay. And I am a knave
a miche better boorwag of somon land
Come now sayde wytell John. And I am a knave
and go to my treasure ere. And I am a knave
and bring me iii hundred poudre. And I am a knave
and loke it well yolde he. And I am a knave
forth than we wytell John. And I am a knave
and Scathelocke went before. And I am a knave
He tolde our four hundred poudre. And I am a knave
By eyghten score. And I am a knave
Is this well yold sayd wytell Robyn hood
John sayd what er wytell the knyght. And I am a knave
it is almes. sphepe. a knyght. And I am a knave
that is fall in pouerty. And I am a knave
Wastier than saide wytell John. And I am a knave
of his cloathing is full abympne. And I am a knave
ye must geue the knyght a myght. And I am a knave
To wrappe his body. And I am a knave
for ye haue scake haue geras. And I am a knave
and muche tyche at ays. And I am a knave
ther eis no man chaunte in myc england. And I am a knave
So ryche I dare helle sayd. And I am a knave

Take him thre yerdes of every coloures
And loke that well mete it be.
Norell John toke nane other mesur
But his bowe tre
And of everyh andfull that he met
He lept ouer footes thre and full
what the deuas whape said lytell Muche
Thynkesse thou to be
Se at the ockestode full stille and laught
And sayd by god almyght
John may geue him the better mesur
By god it cost him but light
Mister laide lytell John
All unto Robyn hode in tyme of dede
ye must geue that knyght an horse
To lede home al this good
take him a gray couerset saide Robyn
And a saddle neke
He is our ladies messenger and us of knyghtys
God lende that it bettwere
and a good palfrey sayd lytell Muche
to mayntayn hym in hys bryght
and a payre of bores sayd Seathelocke
For he is a gentil knyght
what shal thou give hi lytell Robyn laid Robyn
Syr a payre of gony spore stynes
To pray for all this company
God blyng hym of tene
I than shall amdaye be sayd the knyght
Syr and your wyll besy
This day twelue m yeres sayd Robyn
Under the grene wodrette

Bll.

It were

It were great shame sayd Robyn
A knyght alone to ryde in hys armes or colour
withoud squire or comon or page
To walke by hys syde
I shall ther dwelle bytyme John my man
for he shal be thy knane
In a yeman stede he may stande
If thou great nede haue.

None is he knyght gone on his way
This game he thought full goodly
when he looked on Bremisdale
He blessed Robyn hooded
And when he thought on Bremisdale
On Sowethelocke Murchiand John
He blessed them for the best company
That euer lie in came
Then spake the gentilly knyght
To lytel John gan he saye in erode by his self
to morowe I must to yorke towne
to laynt Mary abbay
And to the abbot of that place
Four hundreth pounde I must pay
And but I be there vpon thyss myght
My lande is loste for ay
the abbot layde to his rouente
There he stode on arounde
this day. xii. monethes came there a knyght
And borowyd four hundreth pounde
Upon all his lande and fees
But he come thyss the day
Disherited shall he be,

It is full early sayd the p[ri]v[er]e
the day is not yet farre gone
I had leuer to pay an hundredth pounde
And lay it downe anone
the knyght is fare beyonde the sea
In Englaunde is his right
And suffereth hynger and colde
and many a sore nyght
It were great pitte sayde the p[ri]v[er]e
So to haue hym lande
and ye beso lyght of your conscience.
ye do to hym muche wronge
thou art euer in my verde sayde the abbot
By god and saint Richard
with that came in a fatte headed monk
The hygh selecrete
He is dead er hanged sayd themonke
By god that bought me dñe
and we shal haue to spend in this place
Foure hundredth poundes by yere
the abbot and the hergh selecrete
Sterte furth ful holde
the highe Iustise of Englaunde
the abbet there did holde
the high Justice and many mo
Had taken into their hande
Holt al the knyghtes de
to pue that knyght to wronge
they demed the knyght wonderl[y]o
the abbot and his meyniye
But he come this r[el]ike day
By hercited ha'll be be

He wyll come yet layde the Justice
I dare well undertake
But in sorowle com to them alle of armes
The knyght came to the gate
Than bespake that gentyl knyght
Untyll hys menye
Hewe put on your dapple wedes
That he brought fro thesee
They cam to the gates alone
the porter was redy him to see
And welcomed them every chichester
welome syz knyght says the porters
My lord to iteake is he
And so is many a gentyl knyght
For the lorde clerke had a miferie
that the porter shwore a full great orde
By god that made me I sayd to my self
Here be the best capes horse and such daynes
that euer ye sawe me
Lede them into the stable he said
that easde myght they be
the hal not ebe theri said þe knyght usþoþ
By god that dyed on a tree
Lordes were to meat at leste with swete ad
In that abbottes hall
the knyght went for þe abbot knyght dwong
And saluted them greadly and shalid
þe gladly syz abbot swide the knyght
I am come to holden my daynes
the first worde that the abbot spakyn
Hast thou brought me my playn
Not one penny sayd the knyght
By god

By god that hat y me 1
thou art a shrewd dexter said þ abbot
Syr justice drinke to me
what doſt thou here ſaid the abbot
But thou haddeſt brought thy paſſe
For god than ſayde the knight
to deſyre you of a lengere day
thy day is broke ſayd the iuſtice
Land getteſt thou neſte year
Nowe good syr Justice be my frende
and defend me from my feſte
I am hold by þ abbot ſaid þ jufitice
With cloth and ſee or to you and vnto me
Now good syr thycſe be my frende
Nay for god ſayde he
Now good syr abbot be my frende
For thy curteſy
and holde my landes in thy hande
Cyll I haue made the gree moone
and I will be thy trueservauant
and trulyſerue thee wyllynglye
till ye haue ſoure hundred þ pound
Of money geogand leys vpon me
the abbot ſware a full grāte alþe mifl. f. 23
By god that dyed on a tree
Cet the lande where thou mayſt
for thou geſt þ none of mes dñe and vñ dñe
By dere worthy god ſayd þ knyght
that all this world wrought
But I haue my lande agayne
Full dere it ſhal be bryght
God that was of a mayden borne

Sende

MS.

Hende vs well to sped
For it is godda assaye a scende
Or that a man haue neve
the abbot idly on then gan lode
Out he sayde thou falle knyght
Spede the oute of my hall
thou lyest tha sayd y gentyl knyght
Abbot in thy hall.
Falle knyght was Inerer
By god that made vs all
In than stode that gentyl knyght
to the abbot layde he
to suffer a knyght to dñe so long
thou canst not carreyd
In justes and in tourment
Full farre the dñe
And put my selfe as farre in pese
as anythat ever I see
what wyl ye gyne more lat o y munt
and the knyght shall make a relefe
and elles dare I safelie swere
ye holde never yule haue in pese
an hundreth pound sayd b: abbot
the Justise sayd y se hym to do
Nay by god sayde the knyght
ye get reit not so
though ye would genna thousand more
yet were thou never the nere
Shall there never benn ne heye
abbot Justise never
He sterke him to a hounde aholis
tyll a table rounde

and ther he shoke out a bagge
Euen four hundreth pounde
Haue here thi golde syr abbot said the knyght
which that thou lenth me
Haddest the u bene curteis at my comynge
I wold haue rewarded thee
The abbot late syll and eat no more
For all hys roiall ther
He cast his head on his shuldet
and fast gan to slare
take me my gold agas sayd þ abbot
Syr Justice that I toke thee
Not a penny says the Justice
By god that dyed on a tre
Syr abbot and ye men of lawe
Now haue I hold my day
Now I shall haue my land eagayne
For ought that you cansay
The knyght lefft out of the doore
away was al his care
and on he put his good clothinge
the other he left there
He went him for the ful mercis singyn
as men haue tolde in tale
His Lady met him at the gate
at home in Weydsdale
welcome my lord sayd his Lady
Syr lost is al your good
Be mery dame sayd the knyght
and pray for Robyn hoode
That euer his soule be in blysse
He holde me out of tene

L. N had

He had not he his kyndnesse
Brggers had we ben
The abbor and I accorded hem
He serued of hys pay
The good yeman lent it me
As I came by the bryte
This knight than dwelled fayre at
the sothe for to saye home
All he had got four hund; ethpoud
All redy for to paye
he puruaied him an hundred bowes
the stringes were well dyght
an hundred shefe of arowes good
The hedes burnyshed full bryght
and euery arowe an ell longe
With peacocke well I dighte
and nocked þ were with white silk
It was a semely syght
he purveyed hym an hundred men
Well harneysed in that stede
and himselfe in that same lute
and clothed in whyte and rede
He bare alaunce gay in his hande
and a man ledde his male
and rode with a light song
Unto Bernysdale
as he wæt by a bridg was a wrallige
and ther taryed was he
and there was all the best yeman
Of all the west countrey
a ful fayre game ther was upset
a white bull vp yperght

A great courser with saddle and bryde
With golde burnished full bryght
A paire of gloues, a red golde tyng
A pype of wyne in good say
What man bereth him best ywys
The peice shal heare away
There was a yeman in that place
And best worthy was he
And so he was sayre and frend bestad
Yllayne he shoulde haue be
The knyght had ruch of this yeman
In place where that he stode
He said þ yeman shold haue no harme
For the loue of Robyn hode
The knyght presed into the place
An hundred folowed him in fere
With bowes bent and arowes sharpe
For to shend that compayne
They sholdreth and made hym come
To wete what he would say
He toke the yeman by the hande
And ḡ iue hym all the playe
He gaue him liue mark for his win.
There it lare than on the modle
And had it shold be set abroche
And d̄ runke that who so would
Thus long taried this gentil knight
Till that playe was done
So longe abonde Robyn fasshyng
The houres ofter nore

CThe thyrde sytte.
L.ii.

Lyth and lysten gentyll men
Al that nowe be here
Of lytell John that was the knyghtes man
Good myrthe ye shall heare
It was vpon a mery day
That yonge men wold go strute
Lyttell John set his bowe anone
And syde he wold them mete
The tyme shal John shot about
And alway clest the wande
The prioude Syryse of nottingham
By the markes gan stande
The shirise swore a full great othe
By him that dyed on tree
This man is the best archere
That euer I dyd see
Say me thou wight yonge man
what is now thy name
In what countre ihou wast borne
And where is thy wimig wane
In holdernes se I was borne
I wys al of my dame
Men call me Reynold grenelese
Whan I am at home
Say me Reynold grenelese
Wylt thou dwell with me
and every yere I wylt the gyue
Twenty marke to thy fee
I haue a mayster said lytell John
a curteis knyght is he
May ye get leue af hym, the better may it be
The Syryse gate lytell John

C welue.

Twelue monethes of the knyght
Therefore he gaue to him anone
a good horse and a wpyght
Now is littel John a shryfes man
He geue vs wel to sped
But alway thought lyttel John
To quete him wel his mede
Now so god helpe sayd lyttel John
And be my trwe lewke
I shal be the worst seruaunt to him
What euer he had yete
It beseill upon a wednesday
The shryfe on hunting was gone
And lyttel John lay in his bed
And was forget at home
Therefore he was fastynge
Tyl it was past thencome
Good syr steward I pray thee
Gewe me meat sayd lyttel John
It is to long for grene lese
Fasting so long to be
Therefore I pray the stewarde
My dynner geue thou mee
Shalt þ never eat ne drinke sayde þ stewarde
Tyl my lord bedme to town
I make mee auow to god said littel
John I had lese to crack thy crown
the buteler was ful vncurties
There he stode on flore
He stert to the buteler and siet fasthe doore
Lyttel John gaue the buteler such a rappe
His backe yede nygh into

L.iii.

The

Cho helpech an hundredth wynter
the worse he shoud go
He spurned the doze with his fote
It went vp well and fone
and there he made a large lyueray
Both of all and wyne
Syth yewyl not dyne sayd litel John
I shall geue you to drynke
and though ye lene this hidereth witer
Onlytell John shall ye thenke
Lytell John eat and also dronke
the whyle that he would
the shryke had in his kechin a coke
a stoute man and a holde
Imak mine a uow to god sayd þ coke
thou art a shrewed hym
In an housholdes for to dwell
For to aske thys for to dyne
and there he lent lyttel John
Good strokis three
I make myne a uowe said lytel John
These strokis do lyke wel me
thou art a bold man and a hardy
and so thinketh me
and or I passe fro this place
as a yde better shalt thou be
Lytell John drewe a good sworde
the coke toke a nother in hande
ther thought no thyng to fice
But stryf for to stande
there they fought sore together
two myle way and more

Wryght neyther other hat me done
the moun: enaunce of an houre
I make myne awowe to god said lytel John
and by my trewe lewte
thou art one of the best sworde men
that euer yet lawe I me
Couldest thou shote as wel in a bowe
to crene wood thou shoudesse with me
and ii. tymes in þere thy cloching
Chaunged it shoud be
and every perç of Robynhode
ewenty marke to thy fee
Put up thy sworde lard the coke
and felowes wyl we be
than he set to lytel John
the nomibles of a Do
Good bread and ful good wyde
they ate and ranke ther to
and whan they had dronken well
their trouthes together the plyght
that they wold be with Robyn
that ylke same day at nyght
the hyed them to the treason house
as fast as they myght gone
the leckes that were of gead stel
ther brake them every chore
they toke awa' siluer vessel
and all that they myght get
Peces masers and spones
would ther n'en forget
also ther toke the good fence
þre hundreth pounde and thzee

and

And hyed the streyght to Robyn hode
Under the grene wodetree
God the sauе my dere mayster
And Chryſt the sauе and ſe
And than ſayd Robyn to lytle John
Welcomē thou art to me
And ſo is that good yeman
That thou haſt brought wþt the
What tydinges from Notyngham
Lyttell John tell thou me
Well the greteth the proude thyrſe
He hath ſend the here by me
His cope and his ſyluer vefell
And thre hundred pound and thre
I make mine aduow to god ſad robin
And to the trynete
It was never by his good wyll
this good is come to me
Lyttell John hym bethought
On a ſherwed wyle. v. mple in the forſet he ran
Hym happed at his wyll
than he met the proude thyrſe
Huntyng with hound and horne
Lyttel John coulde his curteyſe
and kveled hym beforene
God the sauē me dere mayſter
and Chryſt the sauē and ſe
Reynold greneleſe lard the thyrſe
wher he haſt thou ne be
I haue nowe be in thiſ forſet
a faire ſight can I ſe
It waſ one of the faireſt ſightes

that

That euer yet sawe mine
yonder I se a ryght faire charte.
Hys colouris is of geene
Seuen score dore vpon a perde
Be wþt hym all bydene
Hys cyndes be so sharpe mayster
Of syrty and well mo
that I durst not shote for dñe
Lest they would hit me
I make myne anowe to god layd the shyppe
that syghte would I sayne ic
Wulke the thyder warde my dere mayster
Anone and wende with me
The Shirike rode and lytel John
My sote he was full smart
And whan they came afore Robyn
No here is the maister harte
Hyt stode the proude shyppe
a soray man was he
wo worsh the Reynarde grenelese
Thou hast now betrayed me
I make mine anowe to god ladiyt tel John
Maister ye be to blame
I was myserued of my dynere
Whan I was with you at home
Soone he was to sorverse
and serued with syluer whye
and whan the Shirike sawe his vessell
For so; owe he might not eat e
Make good chey elayd Robyn hode
Shirike for charitie
And so; the loue of lytell John

D. i.

Cly

thy lyse is graunfed to the
when they had supped well
the day was a gone
Roben commaunded lytel John
todrawe of his hosen & hys shone
His勘 el and his cote a ppe
that w as furred w ell and syne
And take him a grene mantell
To lappe his body therin
Roben commaunded his wight yement
Under the grenewood tree
They shall lie in that sorte
that the shirle myght them see
All nyght lay that proud shirle
In his breche and in his sherte
No wonder it was in grene wood
For his sydes do smarte
Make glad sayd Robynhoode
Shyryse for charitte
For this is our orderyng wyse
Under the grene wood tree
This is harver orderyng shirle
Than any ancre or stee
For al the golde in myng Englannde
I would not dwel longe here
All these t welue monethes sayd Robyn
Thou shalt dwel by th me
I shall thet eache proude shryse
An outlawe sor to be
Or I here another night lyce sayd the shryse
Robyn nobre I pray the
Empye of my head rather to morne

And

And I forgette it not
Let me go than sayd the Hypple
For laynt charitie
And I wyl be the best rende
that ever yet had ye
Thou shalte weare me an othe lade
On me bright brande, (Robyn)
thou shalte never wayte me shathe
By water nor by lande
And if thou fynde any of my men
By myght or by dape
Upon thine othe thou shalte swere
to helpe them that thou may
Now hath the shirike swore his othe
and home began to gone
He was as ful of grene wood
as euer was any man.

The fourth sytte.

The verise dwelled in no igh
He was farn h he was gone
and Roben and his mervy men
Went to wood anone
So we to dynet sayd lytle John
Robyn sayde nay
for I drede our ladi be wroth w me
for she sent me not my pay
Hauie no doubt maister said litel John
yet is not the sunne at rest
For I dare say and safely swere
The knyght is true and trust
Take thy bow in thy hande sayd Robyn
Let Muche wende with thee.

And so shall myllyam Scaethe locke
And no man abyde with me
And vp into the sayles.
and to watlyng stree
and loke for some straunge gest
By chaunce you may them mete
whether he be messenger
Or man that mythes can
Or is he a poore man
Of my good he shal haue sonne
Forth than sterke lytell John
Halle in fraye and tent
And gyrd him w a full good swerde
Under a mantell of grene
They went than unto the Sayles
Chese yemen all thre
They loked East they loked West
Thei might no man see
But as he lokid in Barnsdale
By the hycwaye
Than were ther ware of two blacke monkes
The on a good palsey
Than bespake lytel John
To muche he can saye
I dare lay myllyam to wedde
That these monkes haue brought our pay
Make glad chevay dolptel John
And hende we our bowes of che
And loke your hart be syke and la
your strynges truly and stewe
The manke hath bi. li. men
and seuen sommers full stronge

There

There rydeth no byshop in this lande
So royll I understande
Bretherne sayd lytell John
Here are no more but we thre
But we bryng them to dyne
Our master dare we not le
Bende your bowes sayd lytell John
Make you vondre prisly constande
The formost monke his lyfe and his deeth
Is closed in my hande
Abyde chorle monkes sayd lytell John
No ferther that thou gone
If thou doest by dene worthy god
Thy death is in my hande
An euell thyst on thy head sayd lytell John
Wyght vnder the hatter bonde
For thou hast made our master wroth
He is fallyng so longe
What hyght your maister sayd the monke
Lytell John sayd Robyn hode
He is a strong theselayd the monke
Of him herd I never good
Thou lykst than sayd lytell John
And that shall soore rewe thee
He is a yeman of the forrest
To dyne he ha ih hode thee
Muche was ready with a bowe
Redy and a none
He set the monke to knye the brest
To the ground they gan gone
Of two i and fifti wyght yemen
There abode but one

Sone

Sate a lytle page, and a grome
To lede the somers with litell John
They brought themonke to the looge doore
Whyn ther he were lothe or lese to comen in
For to speke wth Robyn hode
A auger in their teeth
Robyn dyd downe his hode
The monke whan he did seyn ther alake
The mfranke was not so curteysyng
His hode than let he her and hym selfe alake
he is a churcmisiter by dere worth
Than sayd lytel John (goddes son) ther
ther os no force sayd Robyn I haue no kyng
For curteysyng can he noon
Hym many men sayd Robyn I haue no kyng
Had this monk John (goddes son) ther
fyllyng and two whan that we met
But many of them begon to clere
Let bloswe we an horne sayd Robyn yd and qu
that felowshyppe may vs knowe
Seuen scope of ryght yemen
Came prickynge on a rore
and every cheyn of them a good mate
Olscar'et and of raper
all they came to good Robyn
to wete what he would saye
The made þ monk to wasshe & wype
and syt at his dynere
Robyn hode and lytel John
They serued them bothe in sete
Do gladin mynnes sayd Robyn
Gramatice syr sayd he
where

Where is your abbay wher ye are at
and who is your atowe in home
Savnt Mary abbay said the monke I wot
though I be semple here wel
In what assayce sayd Robyn idem
Syr the bye Selerere idem
ye be the more welcome sayde Robyn
So mote I chryue or the idem
Pyll of the best wyne sayd Robyn
this monke shall drinke to me idem
But I haue great maruel said robin
Of all this long day idem
I vrede our Ladye be wroth with me
She sent me not my pay
Haue no dought maister sayd ipkell
you nede not so to saye (John)
this monke hath brought it I dare swel
For he is oþer abbay (Werke)
She was a borowes sayd Robyn
Betwene a knyght and me
On a lytel money that I hym lent
Under the grene wood tres
and if thou hast that syluer brought
I pray the let me se
and I shal helpe the est agayne
If thou haue nede of me
the monke swore a full great oþer
wytha sorþ there
of the borow hode thou spekest to me
Herde I never er
I make mine awlo to god said Robyn
Monke thou art to blame

For god is hider a right wise man or knyght
And so is his dame
thou toldest with thine owne tonge
thou mayest not say nay
How thou art her steward
and seruest her every day
And thou art her messenger
My money for to pay
therfore I do the thanke
thou art come at thy day
What is thy rate rood? sayd Robin
true than tell thou me
Syr he sayd twenty markes
So mote I thyue or the
If there be no more sayd Robyn
I wyl not owe one penny
If thou hast neede of any more I dasde to owe
Syr more hall I lende thee
and if I syne more sayd Robyn
þwys thou halt it for gone
For of thy spendyngge splyuer mony
therof I wyl haue none
Go nowe forth to tell John
and the tenthe tell thou me
If ther be no more but twentymark
No penny that I see
Lytell John sayd his mantel down
as he had done before
and tolde dide of the mynches male
Eight hundred poundes and moze
Lytel John let it lye full styl
and went to his master in hall

¶

Syr he layde the monke is truleynowe
Our lady hath doubled your cost
I make myne auowe to god sayd Robyn
Monke that tolde I the
Quelady is the trust weman
That ever yet sounde I me
By dere worthy god sayd Robyn
To seche al england throve
yet founde I never to my pay
A muche better borowre
Fil of the best wine & do him drinke sayd robin
And greate well thy ladd'e hende
And if she haue ned'e of robyn hod
A frende she shall hym lynde
And she haue ned'e of any moze shluer
Come thou e gayne to me
And by this token he hath me sent
She shall haue suche thre
the menk was going to Lodd ward
there to holde great mote
the knyght that rode so ly on horse
to bringe him vnder sole
Whether be ye away sayd robyn
Syr to Manaz in this lande
toreken with our rulers
that haue done muche wrong
Come nowes for the lytell John
and herken to my tale
a better yeman I knowe none
to seke a mon'res male
and what is on the other rourler sayd robyn
the lothe we muste

E.s.

By

By our lady said the monke
That were no curtesye
To bydde a man to dynre
and lythe hym bete and bynde
It is our olde maner sayd robyn
To leue but litell behynde
The monke toke the horse with spore
No lenger wold abyde
aske to drynke than sayd robyn
Or that ye farther tyde
Nay for god than sayd the monke
We ruyteth I came so neare
For better chepe I myght haue dyned
In Blythe or Dankeslere
Grete well your abbot sayd Robyn
and your pypour I you praye
and byd him send me such a monke
To dynre euery daye
Now let we that monke be spyll
and speke we of that knyght
yet he came to holde his day
whyle that it was lyght
He did him streyght to Bernisdale
Under the grene wood tree
and he founde there Robynhode
and all his mery meyne
The knyght light fro his good paltry
Robyn whan he can se
right curtesy he did a downe his hode
and set him on his kne
God the loue good robyn hode
and al thy company

Welcom

Welcome be thou gentyl knyght
And ryght welcome to me,
Than bespake him good Robyn hooode
To that knyght so fre
what nede driveth the to greene woode
I pray the syr knyght tell me
And welcome be thou gentyl knyght
why hast thou be so longe
For the abborend the hye Tyllyce
They would haue had my lande
Hast thou thy land agayne layd Robyn
Truthe than tell shou me
ye for god that sayd he knyght
and charke I god and tho
But take no grefe(s)d the knyght
That I haue be so longe
I came by awaſſyng
and therē I dyd helpe a poore yeman
with wronge woe put behynde
Now by my truch than sayd Robyn
for that knyght thanke I the
what man that helpeþ a good yeman
His frende than will I be
Haue here cccc. poundes then said the
The whiche shalde me (knight
and there is also mynnes for your cum
Nay hor god sayd Robyn (tesye
Thou brokst well for aye
For our lady þe her high selevere
Dath sent to me my paye
and I shoulde take it twyse
a shame it were to me

L.S.

But truly geuyl knyghe
Welcome thou art to me
And whan robyn had tolde his tale
He laughed and made good cheare
By my truthe than sayd the knight
Your money is ready here
Broke it well sayd robyn
Thou gentyl knight so free
And welcome be thou gentill knyght
Under this trulys tree (robyn)
But what shall these bowes do sayde
It dethese arowes lethered tree
By god than sayde the gentyl knyght
A poore present to thee
Come now forth lytel John
My wyll done that it be (poundes)
Go and fetche to me fourre hundrethe
The monke over tolde it me
Haue here fourre hundrethe pounde
Thou gentyl knyght and true
And by the a horse and harness good
and gyld the spoutes all newe
and i thou fayle any spendeng
Come to robyn hode
and by my truthe thou shalte none fasse
the whyles I haue any good
and broke wel thy .iiii. hundred pound
whyche I dyd lende to the
And make thy selfe no more so bare
By the counsayl of me
thus then holpe him good robyn
the knyght of all his care

God that syteth in heauen bye
Graunt vs wel to fare

¶ The fift syte.

Now hath the knight his leue itake
And wente him on his waye
Robyn hode and his myry men
Dwelled syll full many a day
Lyth and lysten gentyl men
and her en what I shall saye
How the proude kyrie of Notinghā
Dyd crye a full sayr playe
That all the best archyng of y North
Should come vpon a daye
and they that shote al of the best
The best shall here awaie
He that shoteth al of the best
Furthest sayre and lowe
at a payre of goodly buttis
Under the grene wood shawe
arrg'it good arowe he shall haue
The wak of syluer whyte
the head and lethers of riche red gold
In Englande is none lyke
this then herde good Robyn
Under his trusly tree
Make you ready you wyght yemen
that shoyng wyl I see
Buske you my myry yemen
ye shall go with me
and I shall knowe the shrysses say the
true and if he be
Whan they had theis bowes ybende

Lvi.

Their arawes lethere free. In Mordred's day
Seuen score of wyght pemen knyghts
Stod by Robyn kned and knyghted
Wher they rante to holdyngh hard hall of **G**
The buttes were faire and longer one
Many was the bothe archers mazred wylle
that shot with bowes stronge. In Mordred's day
there shall but syr shole with me. In Mordred's day
the other shall kepe my heade. In Mordred's day
And stand with god and wryg bent. In Mordred's day
that I be not deceipted by treynys. In Mordred's day
the forth outlawe his bow can bend. In Mordred's day
And that was roben hode. In Mordred's day
and that behelde the prounde shirr. In Mordred's day
all by the butte as he stoc. In Mordred's day
thise Robyn hode bow. In Mordred's day
And alway he cleske the warden. In Mordred's day
and so dyd good Sylbret. In Mordred's day
with the lilly white hande. In Mordred's day
Lytel John and godis St. a thelcheney. In Mordred's day
were archers good and see. In Mordred's day
Lytel Maledyng good Repoldens. And so
the worste would cry nor be. In Mordred's day
whan that they had shole abouo. In Mordred's day
these archers layre and gdom. In Mordred's day
Euermore whi was the best. In Mordred's day
Forsooth good Robyn hode. In Mordred's day
to him was deluykis the good newwyndur
for best worthy was he. In Mordred's day
He toke the gyf. In Mordred's day
to grene wood than would he. In Mordred's day
they cryed out on Robyn hode. And mordred.

and great hornes gan the blowe
wo worthe the treason sayd Robyn
Full euyl thou art to knowe
and wo be thou, thou proud Shirs.
Thus chering thy gess
another example thou made to me
within the wylde forest
But and I had y in the gnes forest
Under my cruly tree
thou shuldest me leue a better wed
Than thy trewe lewte
full many a bowe there was bent
And arbowes let they glyde
Many a kyrtel there was cut
And hurte many a syde
The outlawes shoke was so strong
That no man myght them dryue
and the proude shirles men
they fled a way belyue
robyn swa the bushment to broke
In grene wod he woulde hanse be
Many an arowe ther was shot
amonge the company
Lytel John he was hort ful sore
wyth an arowe in the knee
that he might neþter go nor ryde
It was full great pitie
Wyster then sayd lytel John
If euer thou loues me
and for that ylke lordes loue
That dyed vpon a tree
and for the medes of my servyce

That I haue scised the
Let never the proude shirife
alyue nowe to synde me
But take out thy brownes swerde
and smite thou of my head
and give me woldes so wode longe
that I after eate no breade
I would not sayd Robyn
John that thou were slayne
For all the golde in myng England
though I had it all by me
God forbyd that sayd lytel Robyn
that dyed on a tree
that thou sholdest lytell John
Depart our company
Up he toke hym on his backe
and bare hym well a myle
My atyme he layd hym downe
and shote another a whyle
Then was ther a capre castell
a lyttle within the wood
Double dyched it was aboute
and walled by the rood
and there dwelde that gentyl knyght
Syr Rycharde at the Lee
That Robyn had leyd his good ryght hand
Under the grene wood tree
In he toke good Robyn his companys
and all hys company
welcome be thou Robyn hood
welcome art thou me
I do the thanks for thy comfert

and for thy curtesye
and for thy great hindnes
Under the grene wood tree
I loue no man in al the world
So muche as I do thee
For all þ proud shryfle of Notingha
Right here shalt thou be
Shutte the gates & drawe the brydge
and let no man come in
and arme you well & make you redy
and to the wall ye wyme
For dñe thyngh Robyn I the hote
I swere by saynt Mauintine
thou shalt these xij dayes abide w
to suppe, eate a dñe. (me
Bordes were laid & clothes were spred
Redye and aironed
Robyn hode and his mery men
To meate gan they gone

Cheslyxte sytte.

Lythe and lystengentyl men
Land herken unto the songe
Howe the proude shirife began
and men of armes stronge
Full fast came to the hpe shirife
the countrey vp to route
and they beset the knightes castell
The walles all aboute
the proude shirife louide can creve
and sayd thou traytoure kynght
Thou kepest ther ey kinges enemis
agaynsl the lawes and ryght

Syr I wyll auow that I haue done
The dedes that here be dyght
Upon all the laudes that I haue
As I am true kynghe
Wende forth syrs on your way
and do yе no more vnto me
Cyll you wete our kynges wyl
What he wyl say to the
the shirife thus had his answere
Without any lesyng
Fer; he went to London towne
All for to tell our kyng
There he told him of that knight
and eke of Robyn hode
and also of the holde archars
That noble were and good
He wolde auow that he had done
To mayntayne the out lawes strong
he wold be lord & set you at noughe
In all the Northlande
I wyll be at Notigham sayd þ king
Within this fourte nyght
And take I wyll Robyn hode
and so I will that knight
Go home thou woude sheryle
And do as I the bydde
And orderne good archers ynow
Of all the wyde countre
the shryfke had his leue ytake
and went him on his way
and Robyndode to grene wode.
Upon a certayn daye

Ende

and yeele John was hole of the arowe
That shot was in his kne
and did him streyght to Robyd hode
Under the grene wood tree
Robyn hode walked in the forrest
Under the leues grene
The proude shirife of Notingham
Therefore he had great tene
þ shirife ther he sawed of Robyn hode
He might not haue his praye
then he awyted that gentyl knyghte
Both by nyght and by daye
Luer he awyted that gentyl knyghte
Syr richard at the Lee
as he went on hauking by þ riuers side
and let his hauke stye
to be there this gentil knyght
with men of armes stronge
and lad him home to Notighā warden
þbound both foote and hande
the shryfeswore a ful great othe
By him that died on a tree
He had leuer then an hundreth pounde
that robin hode had he
then the lady the knyghtes wif
a faire lady and free
She set her on a good palfray
To grenewood alone rode shee
When she came to the forrest
Under the grene wood tree
there found she Robyn hode
and all his sayze meyny

God the halfe good Robyn hove
And all thy company
For our dede lades loue
Abone graunt thou me
Let thou never my bedded lordes
Shamfully slayne to be
He is fast bound to Notinghā warde
For the loue of the
anone than sayd good Robyn
to that lady sic
What man hath your lordes ytake
The proude shirife than sayd she
He is not yet passed thys myles
you may them ouer take
Up than starte good Robyn
as a man that had be wode
Buske you my mery yemen
For hym that dyed on a tree
And he that this sorowe forsaketh
By hym that dyed on a tree
And by him that al thinges maketh
No lenger shall dwelle with me
Soone ther were good bowes ybente
Mo than seuen score
Hedge ne dytche spared they none
that was them before
I make mine auowe to god sayd Robyn
the knight wold I slayne see
and yf ye he may him take
yquerte than shall he bee
and whan they came to Notingham
ther walked in the strete

And

and with iye proude thirle wyls
Soone gan the mete
Abide thol proude shryfe he layd
Abide and speake with me
Of some tydinges of our kinge
I wolde sayne here of the
Thys seuen were by dere worthy god
Ne yede I so fast on fote
I make myne awowe to god þ proude
That is not for thy good . . . Thirle
Robin bente a good bowe
An arow he drew at his wyl
He hyt so the proude shryfe
Upon the grounde he lay full styll
And or he might vp aryste
On his sete to stande
He smote of the shryfes head
With hys bright bronde
Lye thou there thou proude shryfe
Euyll may thou thyue
ther e might no man to the trust
the whyles thou wast alyue
His mē drew out ther bright swordes
that were so sharpe and kene
and layde on the shryfes men
and dryued them downe by dene
Robyn slapt iþ that knight
And cut into his bande
And toke him in his hande a bowe
and hadde him by him stande
Leue thy horse the behynde
and learne so; to renne

Thou shalt with me to grene wode
Through myre mosse and fene
Thou shalt with me to grene wode
Without any leasyng
Syll that I haue get vs grace
Of Edward our comely kyng

C The. vii. sytte.

The kyng came to Notingham
With knyghtes in great array
For to take that gentyl knyght
And Robin hooe if he may
He asked them of that countrey
After Robin hooe
And after that gentyl knyght
That was so holde and stoute
Whan they had tolde him the case
Our kyng vnderstode their tale
And ceased in his hande
The knyghtes landeg all
All the compaie of Lancasthire
He wend both farre and nere
Tyl he came to Blomton parke
He fayled many of his dere
ther our kyng was wont to se
Herdes many a one
He could vnneth fynde any dere
that bare any good horne
the kyng was wonder wro the withall
and swore by the trinitie
I would I had Robin hooe
Wyth eyz I might hym see
And he y would smite of the knyghtes (headē)

And bryngē it to mee
He shoulde haue þ knyghtes landes
Syn Rychard at theyle
I geue it hym with my charter
and seale it with my hande
To haue and holde for euer more
In al mery Englande
than bespake a fayre old knyght
that was true in his fay
a my lege lord the kyngē.
One worde I shall you say
there is no man in this countrey
May haue the knyghtes landes
Whyle Robin hode may ride or gon
And heare a bowe in his handes
that he ne shall lose his heade
that is the best ball in his hoode
Give it to no man my lord þ kyngē
that ye wyl amy good
Halle a yere dwelled our coly kyng
In Nottingham and well more
Could hy not here of Robyn hooode
In what countre that he were
But alway went god Robyn
By halte and eke by hyll
And all wayss lewe the krynges dore
and usyd them at hygwyll
than bespake a proude fostere
that stode by our kynges kne
If ye wyll se good Robyn
you must do after me
Take liue of the best knyghtes

Chas

That we be in your lede
and walked downe by your abbay
and get you monkes wede
and I wyl be your lodes man
and lede you on the waye
and oþre come to Notingham
my heade then dare I saye
That ye shall mete with good Robin
Onlyue ys that he be
oþre come to Notingham
with eyes ye shall him see
Full hastely our kyng was dyght
So were his knyghtes syue
They were all in monkes wede
and hasted them thyther blythe.
Our kyng waȝt great aboune his cole
a brode hat on his crowne
Right as he were a bbot lyke
They rode vp into the towne
Sytte boþe our king had one
Forsoþe as I you saye
He rode syngryng to grene wood
The couent waȝt clothed in gray
His male horse and his great lamers
Followed our kyng behynde
Eþyl they came to grenewood
a mile vnder the lynde
There they met with good Robin
Standinge by the waye
and so dyd many a bolde archere
Forsoþe as I you saye
Robyn the kynges horse

Hauing in that hede
And saed syr abbot by your leue
A whyle you must abyde
We be yemen of this forest
Under the grene wode tree
We leue by our kynges dere
Other wylthane not we
And ye haue churches & rectes both
and good full great plente
Geue vʒ some of your spendyng
For saynt charite
Than bespake our comely kyng
anone than says he
I brought no more to grene wode
But fourty pound with me
I haue layne at Notingham
This fourtynight with our kyng
and spend I haue muche good
On many a great lordyng
and I haue but fourty pounde
No more than haue I me
But if I had a hundredth pounde
I would geue it to the
Robyn toke the fourty pounde
and delivde it than did he
Halfe he gaue to his mery men
and bad them mery to be
Full curteosly Robyn gan say
Syr haue this for your spendyng
We shall mete an oþer day
Gramer cy than sayd our kyng
But well the greteth Edward our kyng

G.i.

He hath

He hath sent to the his saele
and biddeth the come Notinghan:
Both to meate and to mele
He ioke out the brodesale
and sone he let mese
Rob in could his curteysye
And set him on his knee
I loue no man in all the wold:
So well as I do my kynge
Welcome is my lordes seale
and monke for thy tydyng
Syr abbot for thy tydynges
to day thou shalt dyne with me:
For the loue of my kynge
Under my trusy tree
For he had our comely kyng
Full fayre by the hande
Many a dere ther was slayne
and full fast was dyghtande
Robyn toke a full great horne
And loude he can it blowe
Seuen score of wight yemen
Came runnynge on a row
All they kneled on theit kne
Full fayre before Robin
The kyng said him selfe vntill
And swore by saint Austin
Here is a wonder semely syghte
We thynketh by goddes spene
His men are more at his byddyng
Than my men be at mine
Full hallely was their dyuer drught

Ano thereto can they gone
They servid our kyng with all their
Both Robyn and Iotel John (might
anone before our kyng was set
The latte venyson
The good whit bread & good red win
And thereto the fyne ale browne
Make good cheare layd Robyn
Abbot for charitie
And for this vlyke tydynge
Blessed may thou be
Nowe shalt thouse what lyfe we lede
O: that thou hence wende
than thou maiest ensourm our kyng
Whan ye together by lente
Up they sterte all in hast
their bowes were smartely bente
Our kyng was never so sore agayn
He wende to haue ben shente
Two yerdes therer werd vp set
thereto can the gange
Bofkyng space our kyng layde
the markes were to longe
On euery syde a rose garlande
the shot vnder the lyne
Who so faileth of the rose garland laid
Hes takyll he shal tyne Robyn
And velde it to his mister
Beit never so frne
For no man wyl I spare
So drynke I ale or wyne
A good busket on his head bare

G. S.

For that halde his fyne
and those that sell to Robins lot
Hesmote them wonder late
Twylle Robyn shot a bout
and euer he cleued the wande
and so did good Gilbert
with the lilly white hande
Lytell John and good Scathelocke
For nothing would they spare
whan they sayled of the garland
Robyn smote them full late
at the last shot that Robyn shot
For all his frendes late
yet he sayled the garlande
The syngers and more
than bespake god Gillette
and than he gan say
Maister he said your takil is lost
Stand forth and take your pay
It shal be so saide Robin
that may no better be
Syr abbot I delyuer the mine arowe
I pray the serue thou me
It falleth not for mine order saide the
Robin by thy leue (kyng)
For to smite no good yeman
For doubt I shold him greue
Simplicon boldly said robin
I geue the largely leue
None our king with that worde
He solded vp his sleue
And such a buffet he geue Robyn

To ground ye yede full nere
I make mine auow to god said robb
thou art a tall frere
ther is pith in thine arme said robb
I trowe thou can wel shote
Thus our king and Robin hode
together they gan mete
Robyn behelme our comely kyng.
Hedfalsly in the face
So did syr Richarde at the Lee
and kneled downe in that place
and so did all the wild outlawes
whan they sawe them knele
My lord the kyng of Englande
Now I knowe you wele
Mercy than sayd robin to our king
Under this trusty tree
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace
for my men and for me
and yet sayd good robin
as good god do me saue
I aske the mercy my lord the kyng
and for my men I it crave
yes for god sayd our kyng
Thy petition I graunt the
So þ thou wylt leue the grene woodde
and all thy company
and come home to my courte
There to dwell with me
I make mine auowe to god sayd robin
and ryght so shall it be
I wyl come to your courte

your seruyce for to le
And bryng with me of my men
• Sevenscore and thre
But and I lyke not your seruyce
I wyll come agayne fullsoone
And shote at the dumme dere
as I was wont to done

[The. viii. sytte kyng]

Dast þany grene cloth said our
That þ wilte now sell to me
ye for god sayde Robyn
Chyrtþ yerdes and thre
Robyn sayd our kyng
Now pray I the
To sel to me some of that cloth
To me and my meyn
pes so good than said Robyn
Or els I were a foole
and other day ye wyl me cloth
I crowe agaynþ the yole
the kyng cast of his cote than
a grene garment he dyd on
and every knyght had soþwys
they clothed them fullsoone
Whan they were clothed in Lincoln
they cast away ther gray (grene
Now shal we to Notyngham
all this our kyng can say
the bent their bowes and forth they
Shotidg all in sere (went
toward the towne of Notyngham
Outlawes as they were

Our kyng & Robyn rode together:
For soth and as I you say
And all they shot plicke buffet.
As they wente by the way
and many abuffet our kyng wan
Of Robyn hode that daye
and nothyng spared good Robin
Our kyng whan he did paye
So god me helpe sayd the kyng
Thy game is nought to lere
I shou'd not get a shote of the
Though I shote all this vere
All the people of Nottingham.
they stode and beheld
they sawe nothinge but mantels of
That couerted all the felde grene
than euery man to the other ca say
Id:ede oure kyng be lone
Come robyn hode to the townywys
On lyue he leueth not one
full hastely they began to fle
Both yemcn and knauess
and olde wyues that might euill go
The hypped on their staines
The kyng lough ful fast
and commaunded them to come agayne
Whan they sawe our comelykyng
þwys they were full fayne
They ate and dranke and made them glad
and songe with notes hym
Than bespake our comely kyng
To syr Rychard of the le

He gaue

He gaue him there his lande agayne
A good man he hadde him be
Robin hode thanked our comely king
And set him on his knee
Robin hode dwelleth in þ kinges court
Both twelue monetheþ and three
that he had spent an hundred pound
and all his mennes fee
In euery place where Robine came
Evermore he lay downe
Bothe for knyghtes & squyters
To get him a great tenowne
By than the pere waþ all gone
He hadde no man but twayne
Lycel John and good scathelocke
wyth hym all for to gone
Robin saþ younge men hote
full fayre upon a day
alas than said good Robin
My welthe is wendaway
Sometime I was an archer good
a stiffe and eke a stronge
I was commended for the best archer
That was in myc Englannde
alas than sayd good Robyn
alas what shall I do
If I dwel lenger with the kinge
Sorowe wyll meslo
Forth than went Robin hode
Tell he came to our king
My lord the kyng of Englannde
Braunt me my askyng

I made a Chapell in Bernisdale
That semely is to se
It is of Mary Magdalene
and there wold I saene be
I might no time this seuen nyghtes
No time to slepe ne wyke
Neyther all this segen dayes
Nother eate nos drynke
Me longeth soze to Bernisdale
I may not be ther fro
Bare fote & wolward haue I blythe
thether for to go
If it be so than sayd our kyng
It may no beter be
Seuen nyghtes I geue the leue
No lenger to dwell fro me
Cramercy lorde than sayd Robyn
and set him on his kne
He toke his leue full curtefully
To grene wode than went he
whan he came to grene wode
In a mery mornynge
There he harde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngynge
It is farre gon sayd Robyn
That I was last here
I haue a lyttell lust for to shote
at the doyne dere
Robyn slew a full great harsle
His horne than can he blowe
that all the outlawes of that forrest
that horne could they knowe

And gavēd them together
In a lytell thōwe
Seuen score of myght yemē
Camērūnng c̄ narōwe
and tāyze dyd of their hodes
and set them c̄ their kne
welcomē they layde our matles
Under the grene wood lee
Robin dwelleth in grenewode
twentī yeres and two
than for b̄ede of Edward our kyng
Agayne woulde he not go
yet he was begyled bywys
through a wicked woman
the p̄vōreſſe of kyrkelly
that npe was of his kymme
For the loue of a kniȝt
Syr Roger of Donkesset
For euyll mot thou the
they toke together their counſall
Robyn hode for to sée
and howe thei myght best do þ dede
His banes for to be
than bespake good Robyn
In place wherē as he stode
to morowe I must to kyrkessley
Craftely to be letten blounde
Syr Roger of Donkessere
By the p̄vōres he laye
and there they betraied good Robyn hode

Thou gy their talleplaye
Christ haue mercy en his sonle
That dyed on the roode
For he was a good outlawe
And dyd poore men mucche good.

Thus endeth the lyfe of
Robyn hode
C:D

of Robyn hode, berye
proper to be played
in May games

Robyn hode. (all)

MW stand ye forch my mery men
and harka what I shall say
Of an adventure I shal you tell
the which befell this other day
as I went by the hygh way with
a stoute frere I met
and a quart er stalle in his hande
Lyghtely to me he lept
and syll he hadde me stande
There were stypes two or thre
But I can not tell who had the worse
But well I wote the horeson lept within me
and fro me he toke my purse
Is there any of my mery men all
That to that frere wyll go
and bryng him to me forth withall whether he
(wyll or no)

Clytell John

yes mayster I make god aulowe
To that frere wyll I go
and bryng him to you whether he wyl or no
Clytell tucke
Deus hic, deus hic, god be here

I spot

God save all this compauny
But am not I a folly ferre
For I can bothe both ferre and nere
and handle the sworde and buckler
and this quarder stasse also
If I mete with a gentylman or yeman
I am not a rayde to loke hym vpon
Nor boldly with him to earpe
If he speake any wordes to me
He shall haue scrypes two or thre
That shal make his body smarte
But maister to shew you the matter
Wherfore and why I am come hither
In sayth I wyl not spare
I am come to leke a good yeman
In Bernisdale me sain is his habitacion
His name is Robyn hode
and if that he be better man than I
His seruant wyl I be and serue him truly
But if that I be better man than he
By my truthe my knaue shall he be
and leade these dogges all three.

Robyn hode.
Yelde the sryer in thy long cote
Sryer tucke
I behrew thy hart knaue, þ hurtest my throt.

Robyn hode
I frowe sryer thou beginnest to dote
Who made the so malapert and so holde
To come into this sorcȝt here
amonge my salowe dere

Hollis.

Spes

Fryer.

Go louse the ragged knave
If thou make mani wordes I wyl gelue yon þ
Though I be but a poore sryer
To leke Robyn hode I am com here
And to him my hart to breke

Robyn hode.

Thou lously sret what wouldest thou W hym
He neuer loued sryer nor none of freiers hym

Fryer.

Auaunt ye ragged knave
Or ye shall haue on the skymme

Robyn hode.

Of all the men in the morning þ art the wort
To mete with the I haue no lust
For he that meteth a freire or a fox in þ morning
To spedeli that day he standeth in ioperdy
Therefore I had leuer mete with þ deuill of hell
Fryer I tell ihe as I thinke
Then mete with a sryer or a fox in a momyng
Robyn hode

Fryer.

Aualit thou ragged knave this is but a mock
If you make mani wordes you shal haue a knock

Robyn hode

Harke frere wha t I say here
Over this water thou shalt me bese
The brydge is horȝe away

Fryer,

To say nape I wyl not
To let the of thine oþ it were great pitte alia
But upon a sryers backe and haue euernin

Robyn

Robyn hode.

Nay haue ouer.

Fryer.

Now am I scere Win ad thou Robi without
To lay the here I hane no great doubt.

Now art thou Robyn without, & I scere Win
Lye ther knaue chose whether y wilte sinke or

Robyn hode.

(llym)

Why shoulowsy scere what hast thou done.

Fryer.

Mary set a knaue ouer the shone

Robyn hode.

Therfore thou aby.

Fryer.

Why wylt thou syght a plucke

Robyn hode.

and god send me good lucke.

Fryer.

Than haue a stroke for fryer tucke.

Robyn hode.

Holde thy hande frere and here me speke:

Fryer.

Saye on ragged knaue

me semeth ye begyn to swete:

Robyn hode.

In this forest I haue a hounde

I wyl not give him for an hundredth pound.

Geue me leue my horne to blowe.

That my hounde may knowe

Fryer.

Blowe on ragged knaue without any doubtē

Untyll bothe thynē eyes starte out.

Hilary.

Here be a sorte of ragged knaues come in
Clothed all in kendale grene
And to the they take their way no[n]e

Robyn hode

Percadventure they do so

Cryer.

I gaue the leue to blowe at thy w[om]e
Now giue me leue to whistell my syll

Robyn hode.

whistell frere euyl mote thou face
Untyll bothe thyne eyes blarte

Cryer

Now cut and bause
Brieng forth the clubbes and staves
And downe with thole ragged knaues

Robyn hode.

Holw sayest thou frere wylt thou be my man
To do me the best seruise thou can
Thou shalt haue both golde and sed
and also here is a Lady free
I wyll geue her unto the
And her chapplayn I the make
To serue her for my sake

Cryer

Here is an huckle duckeler in h above þ buc
she is a trul of trust, to serue a frere at his lust
a prycker a prame et a terer of sheles
a wagger of ballockes when other men sleepes
Go home ye knaues and lay clubbes in þ tyre
For my lady & I wil danice in þ myre for veri

Robyn hode

(pure joye)

Lysten to my mery men all
and harke what I shall say

De

that besell this other daye
with a prouide potter I met
And arose garlande on his head
the floures of it shone maruaylous freshe
this seuen yere & more he hath vsed this waye
yet was he never so curteylle a potter
as one peny passage to paye
Is there any of my mery men all
That dare be so bolde
to make h[im] potter paie passage either siluer or

Lytell John. (golve
Not I master for twenty pound redy tolde
For there is not among vs al one
that dare medle with that potter man for me
I fel his handes not long agone
But I had leuer haue ben here by the
Therefore I knowe what he is
Met him wh[en] ye wil or mete him wh[en] ye shal
He is as proprie a man as euer you medle wal
Robyn hode.

I will lat with the litel John xx. pounds to read
If I wryt that potter mete.
I wil make him pay passage maugre his head.

Lettell John.
I conse[n]te thereto so eate I bread
If he pay vassage maugre his head
Twentipound shall ye haue of me so; your medle

The potter's boye Jacke
Out alas that euer I sawe this daye.

From Notygham towne
If I lyce me not the fester
Or I come there the maryet wel be done
Robyn hode
Let me se are the pottes hole and sounde
Jacke
yea meillier but they wyl not breake the ground
Robyn hode
I wyl shē breke for þe cuckold thi maisters sake
And if they wyl not breake the grounde
thou shalt haue thre pence for a pound
Jacke
Out alas what haie ye done
My maister come he wyl breke your crowne
the potter
why thou horclon art thou here yet
thou shouldest haue bene at market
Jacke
I met with robin hode a good reman
He hath broken my pottes
And called you kuckolde by your name
The potter
Thou mayst be a gentylman so god me lave
But thou semest a nougthy knaue
Thou callest me cuckolde by my name
and I swere by God and saynt John
Wysle had I never none
This cannot I denye
But if thou be a good felowe (to)
I wyl sel mi horle mi garners pottes & paniers
Thou

If thou be not so content
Thou shalt haue stripes if h were my b; other
Robynhode.

Harke potter what I shall say
this seuen yere and more þ hast vsed this way
þet were thou neller so curteous to me
As one penny passage to paye

the potter
Why should I paye passage to thee

Robynhode

Fo I am Robyn hode chiche quare oulire
Under the grene woode tree

the potter.

this settyn yere halie I wled this way vp and
yet parred I passage to no man (downe
Now now I wy; not beglune to do þ wroſt þ ca

Robyn hode.

passage shalt thou paſt here vnder þ grēe wode
Or els thou ſhalt leue a wedded wife me (tre

the potter

If thou be a good felowe as men do the caill

Laye alwaye thy bowe

And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hands.
And see what shall befall.

And se what shall besall

robin hode

beteart

Lyttell
Dere manster I make god ones

Hete mayster I make god auowe
I soleynre maner le god me to

I tolde yowt mayster so god me save
that van shoude fweze the natten a twa

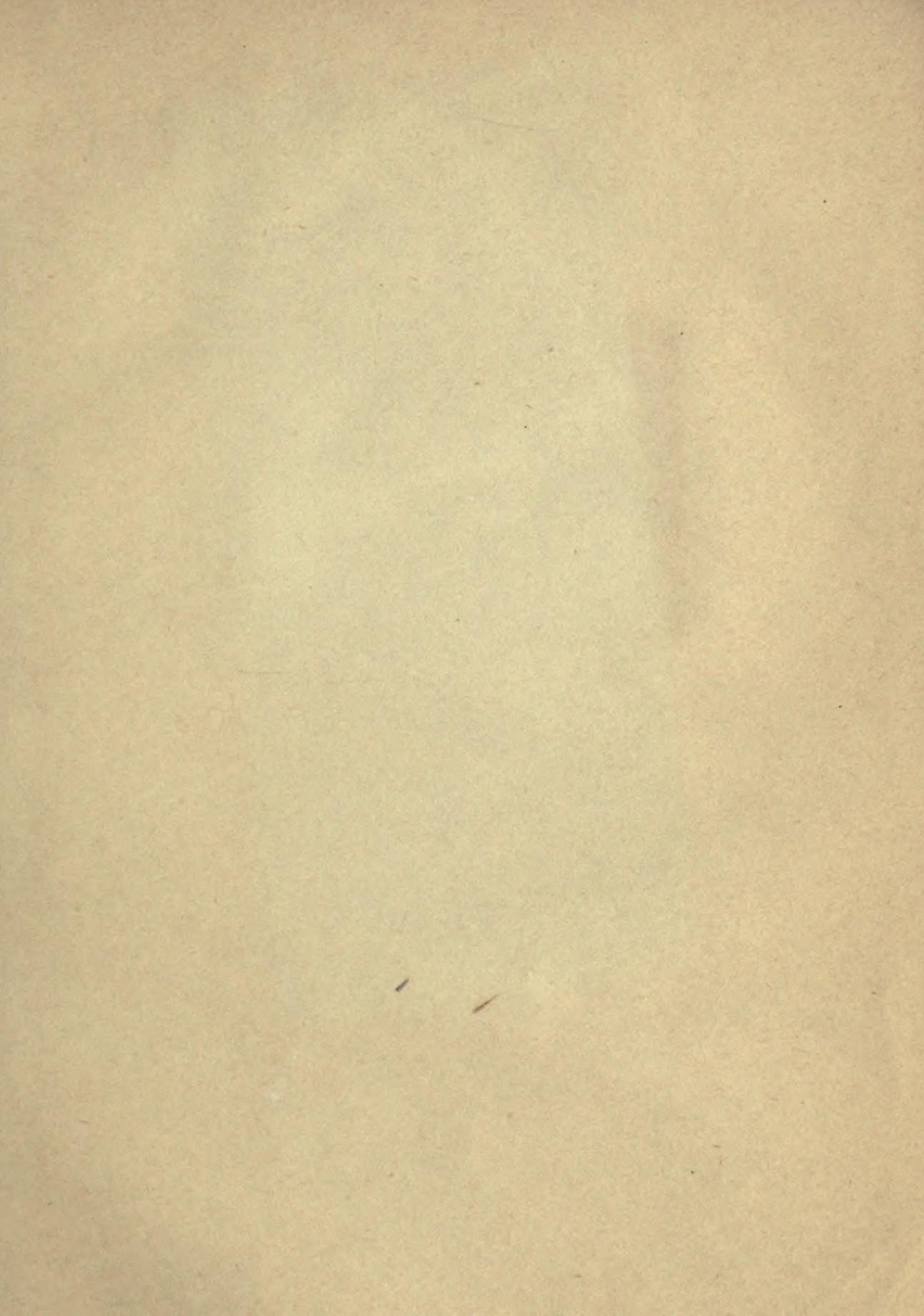
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And I wyll stysly by you stande
Weady for to syghte
Be the knaue never so stoute
I shall cappe him on the snoute
And pus hym to syghte

Thus endeth the play of
Robyn Hode

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